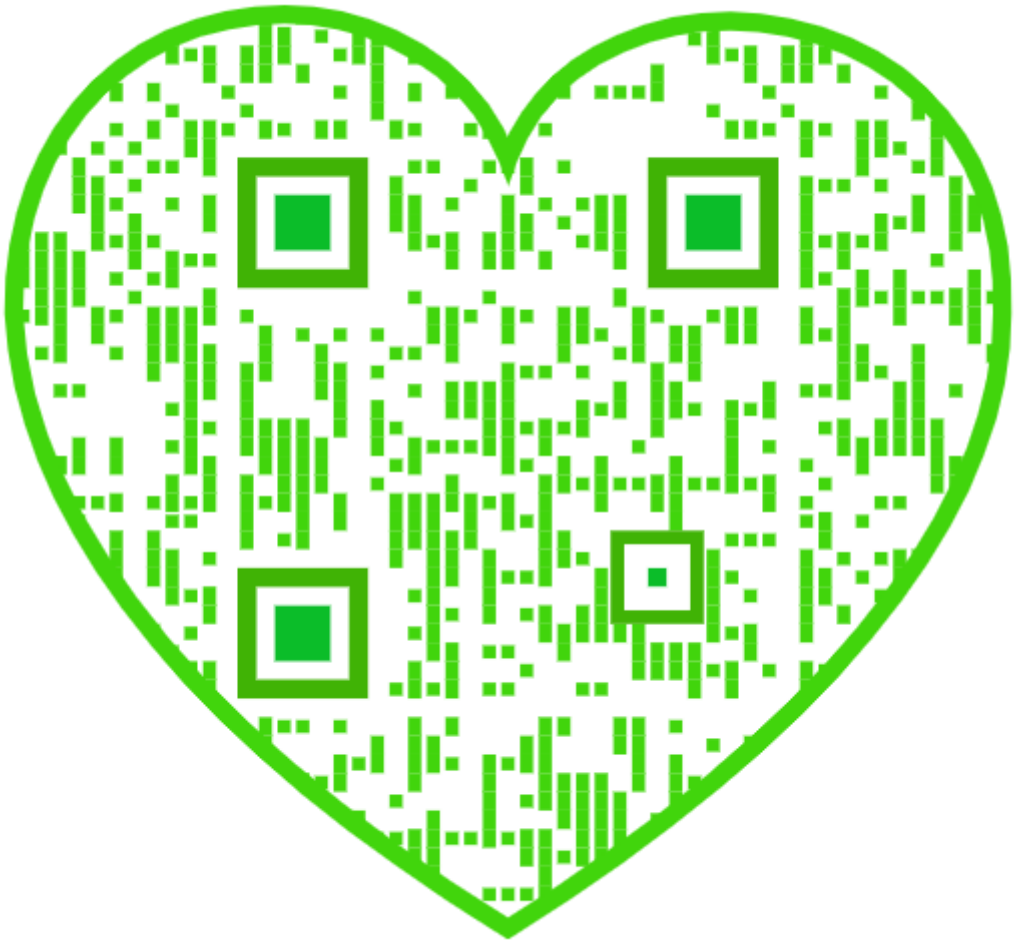

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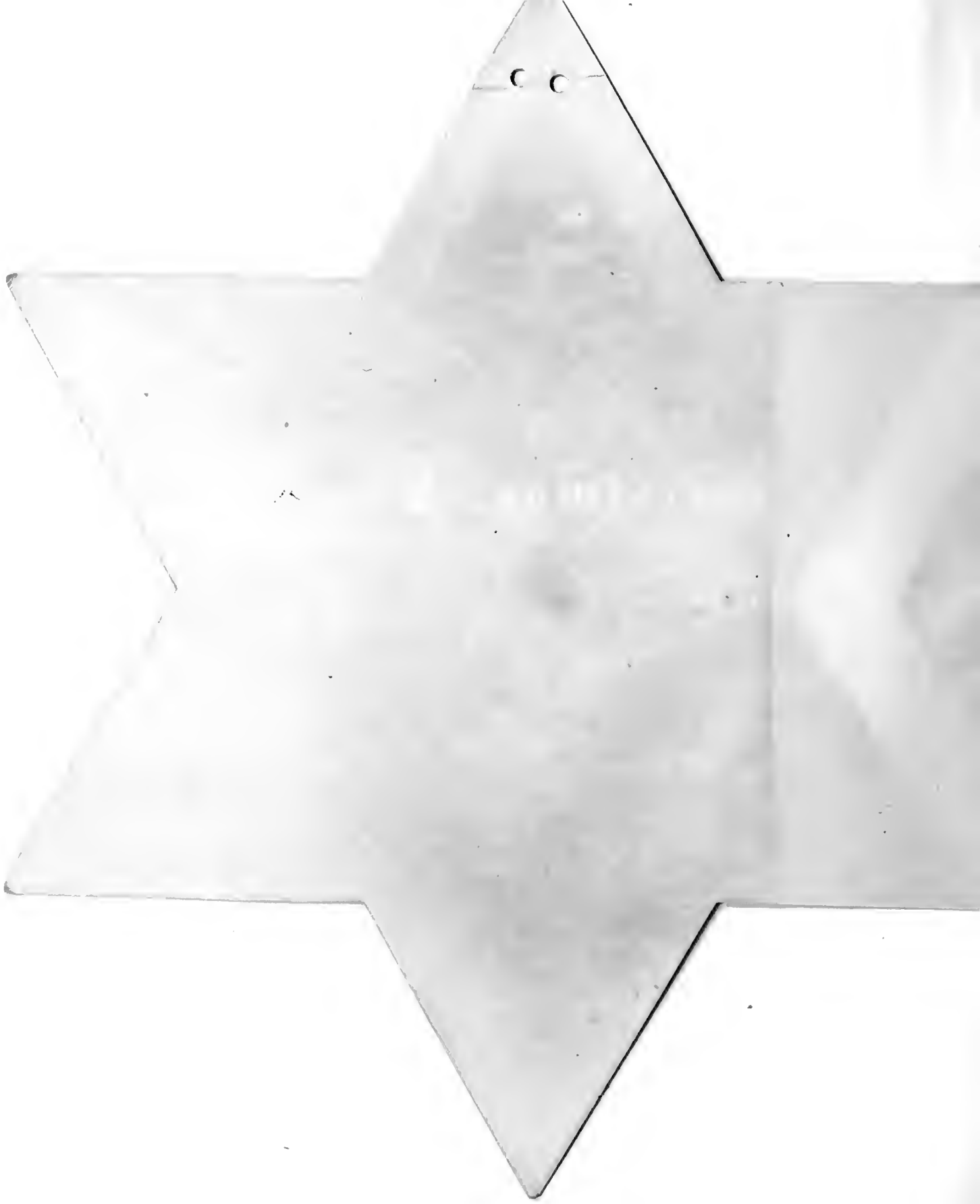
THE CHRISTMAS STAR



THE

Christmas Star.

—BY—

ANNIE H. MERCUR.

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Rudd. 10 July, 1922.

PISTOR

DE NATIVITATE DOMINI.

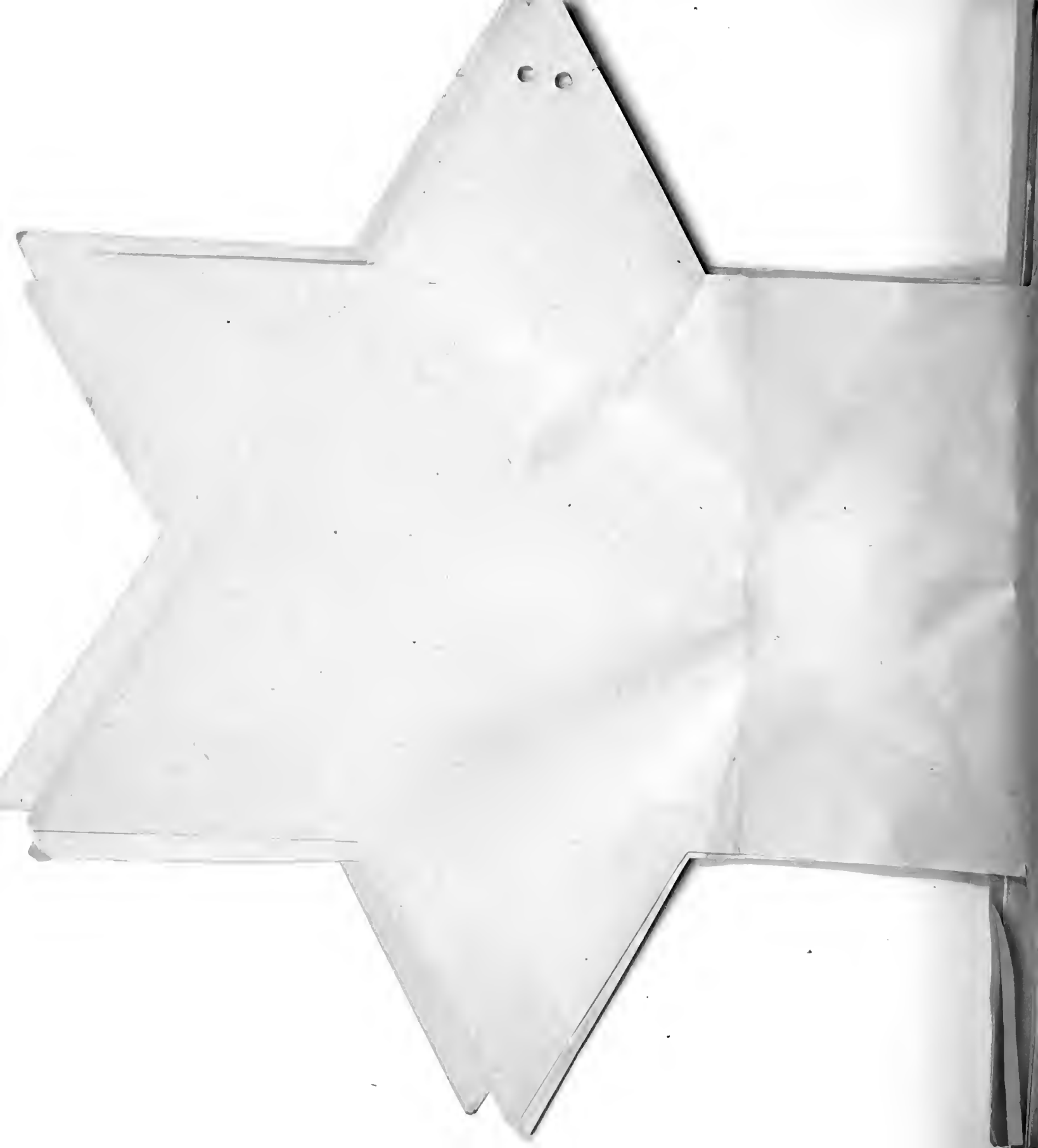
A child is born in Bethlehem,
Whence rejoice, Jerusalem !

Here He lies in embryo,
Who shall reign eternally.

Ox and ass hath recognized
That the Child is the Lord.

Kings from Saba come;
Gold, frankincense and myrrh they bear.

Entering the house in turn,
They salute the young child, Prince.



Born of a virgin mother
Without human father,

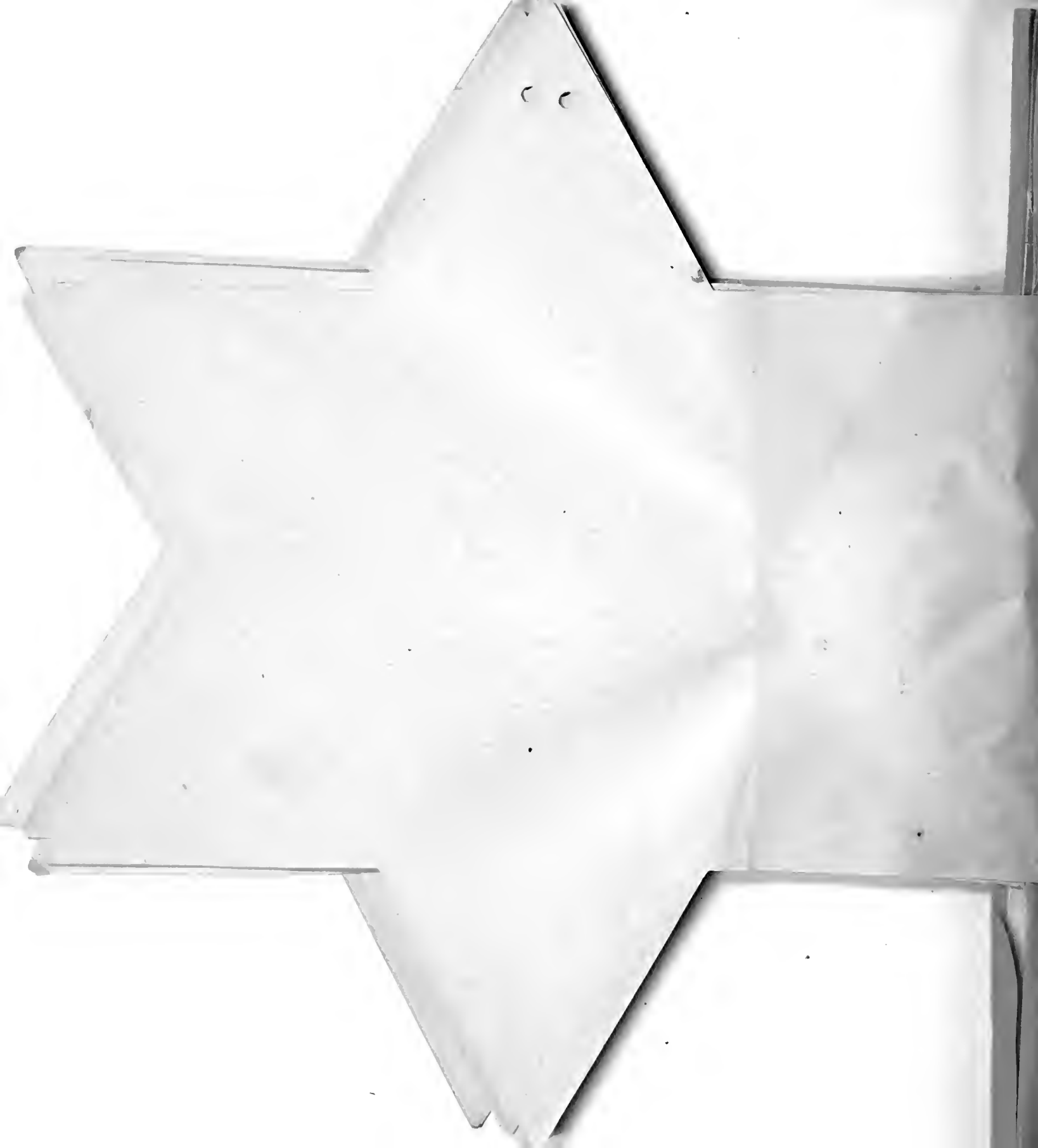
He comes of our blood
Without the serpent's wound.

Like to us in flesh,
But unlike as to sin.

That he may restore us men
To God's likeness and his own.

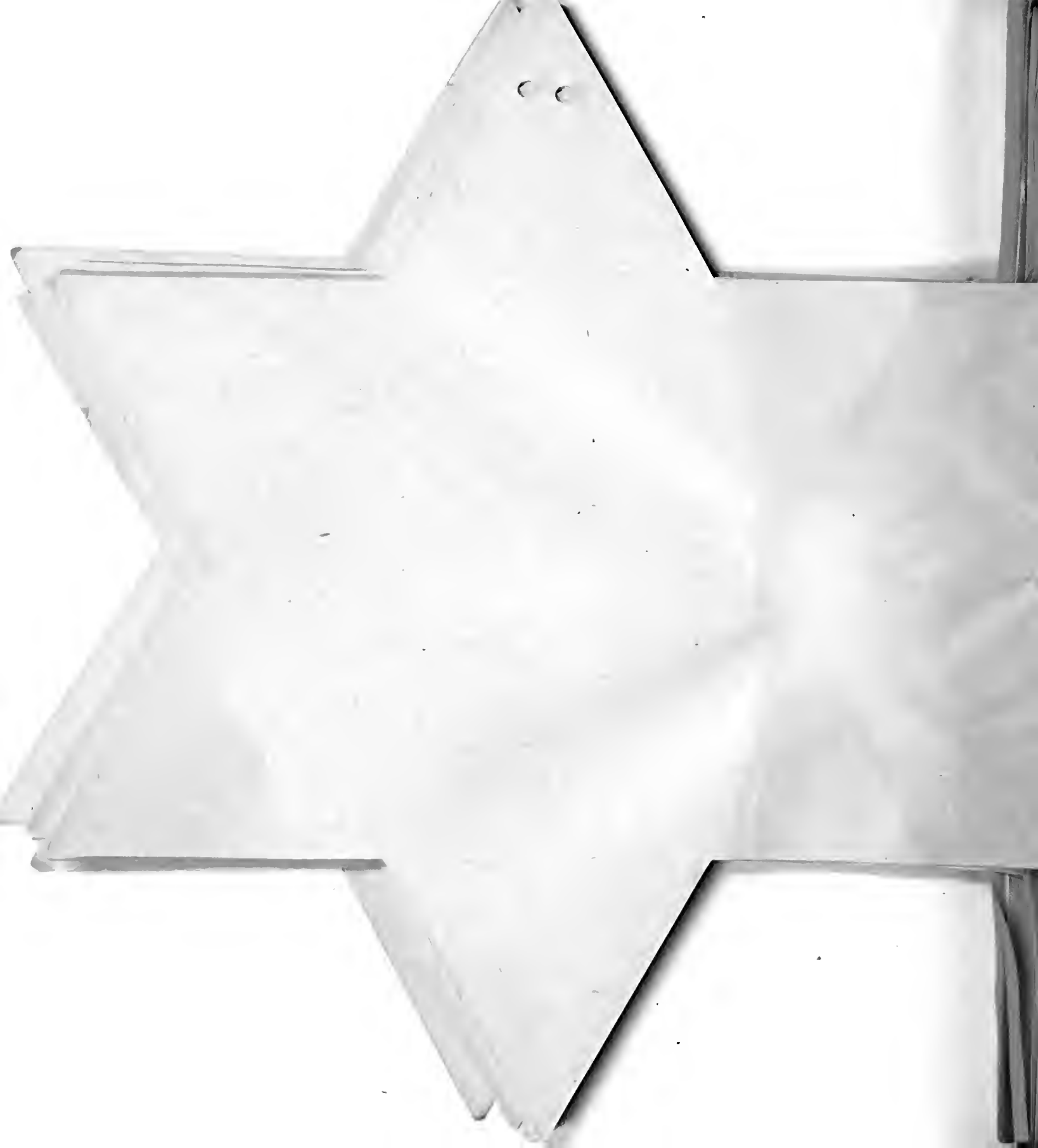
In this natal joy,
Let us bless the Lord !

Let us praise the holy Trinity !
Let us give thanks to God.



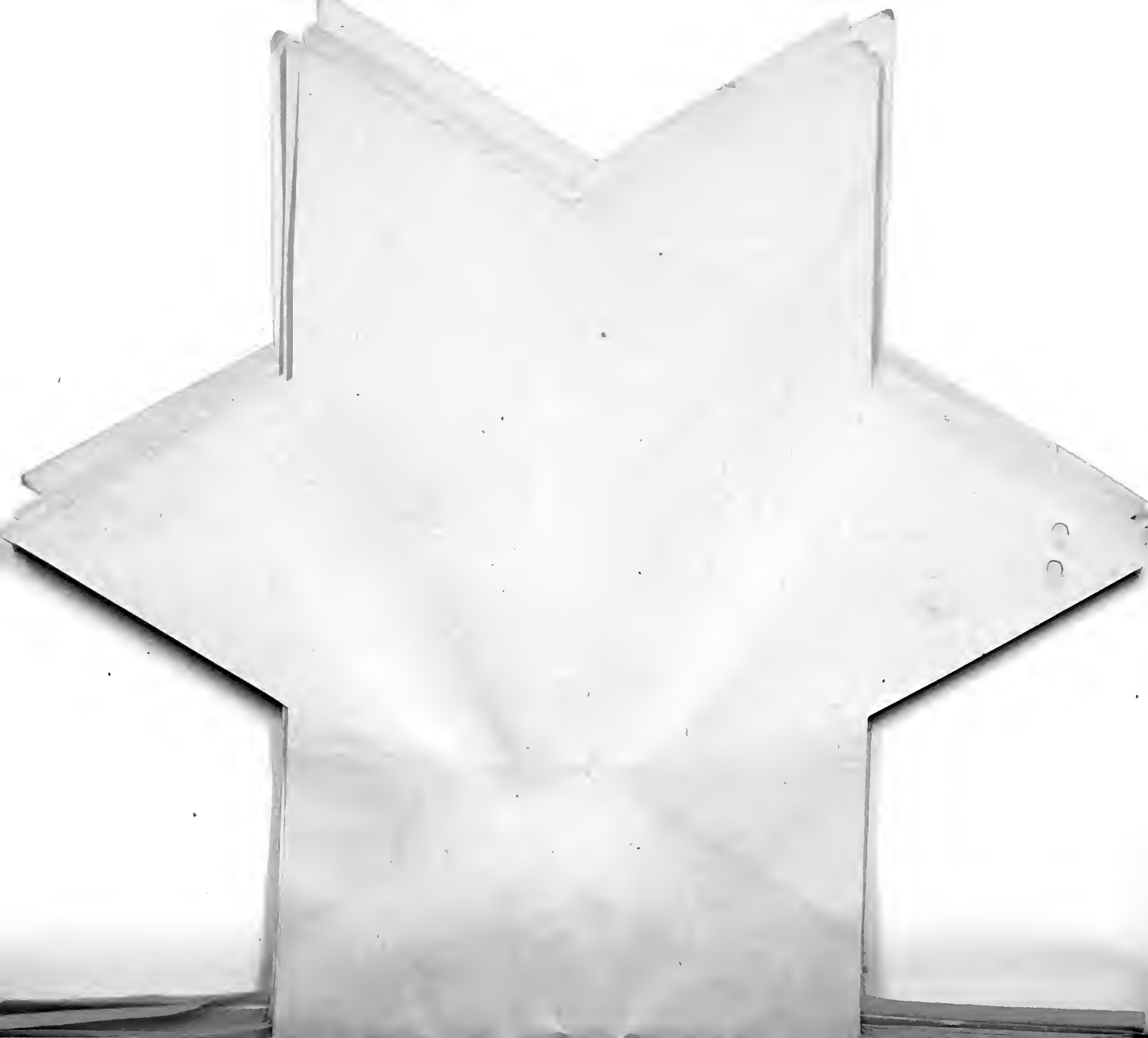
Immanuel, God with us!
Bow down, ye heavens, to-day!
Behold a wondrous glory,
The star of Bethlehem's ray!
For angels have descended
With message from on high-
Let all the earth keep silence,
Redemption draweth nigh!

Strange sight for men and angels!
Lo! the effulgent light
Which led the holy magi
Rests on Judean height!
Stopped in its course celestial,
O'er lowly cattle-shed,
Its heavenly beams illumine
An Infant's manger bed.



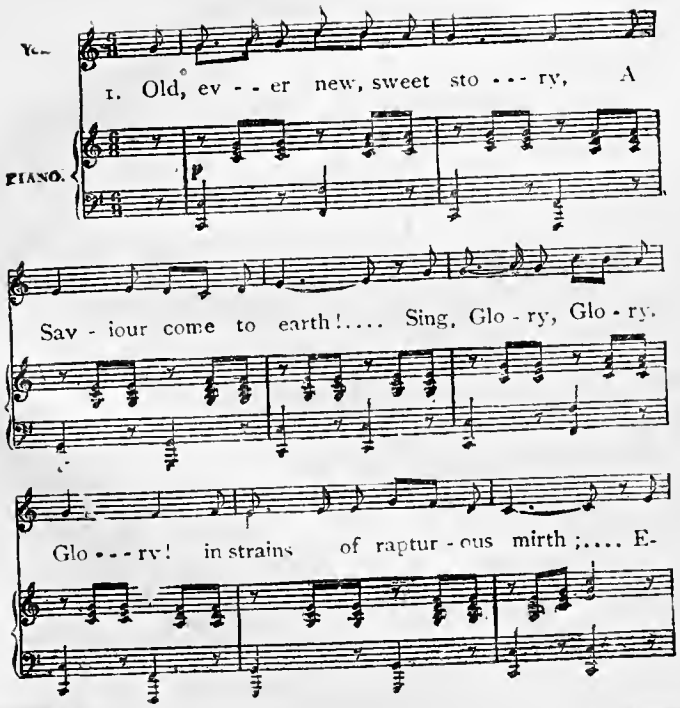
O Earth, with all thy kingdoms,
  Was there no other place
Wherein to welcome Jesus,
  The Lord of life and grace?
No room in royal palace?
  No spot within the inn
To shield the Word made human—
  The God-Man without sin?

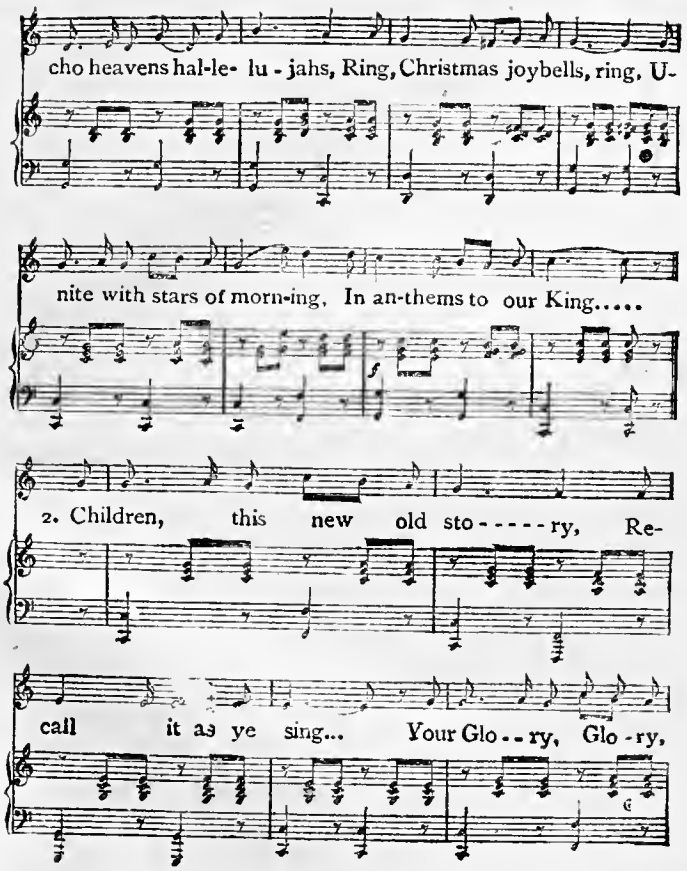
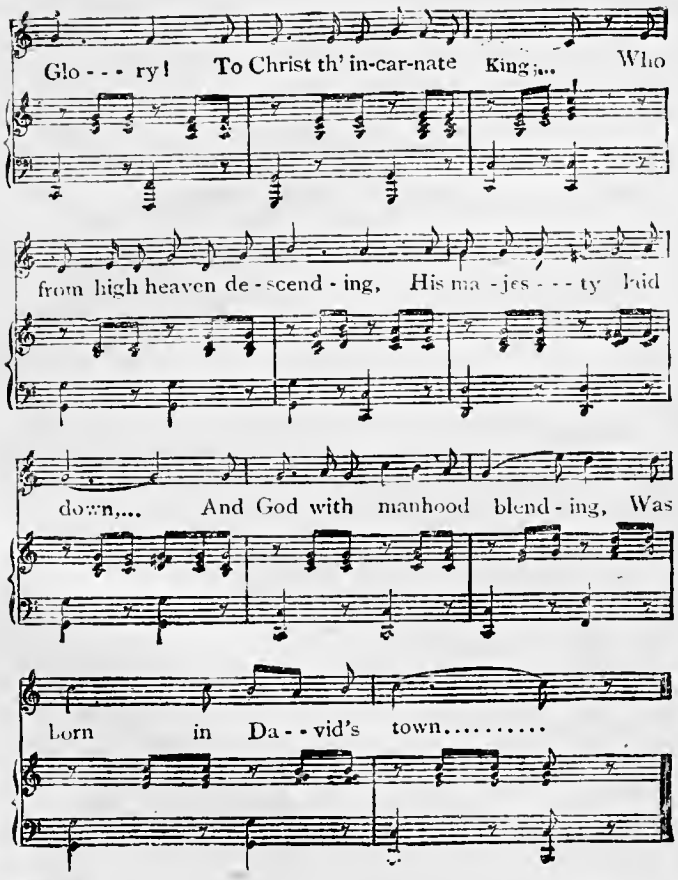
To make men priests and monarchs,
  Joint-heirs with Him on high,
The Logos consubstantial
  Descendeth from the sky.
Leaving the Father's brightness,
  Leaving His throne of flame,
He comes a helpless infant,
  To suffer grief and shame.



Depth of humiliation !
Love passing all degree !
Thus to restore to mortals
Their immortality !
Henceforth the race shall triumph,
And foil the serpent's art :
The laws of stone on Sinai
Be written in the heart !

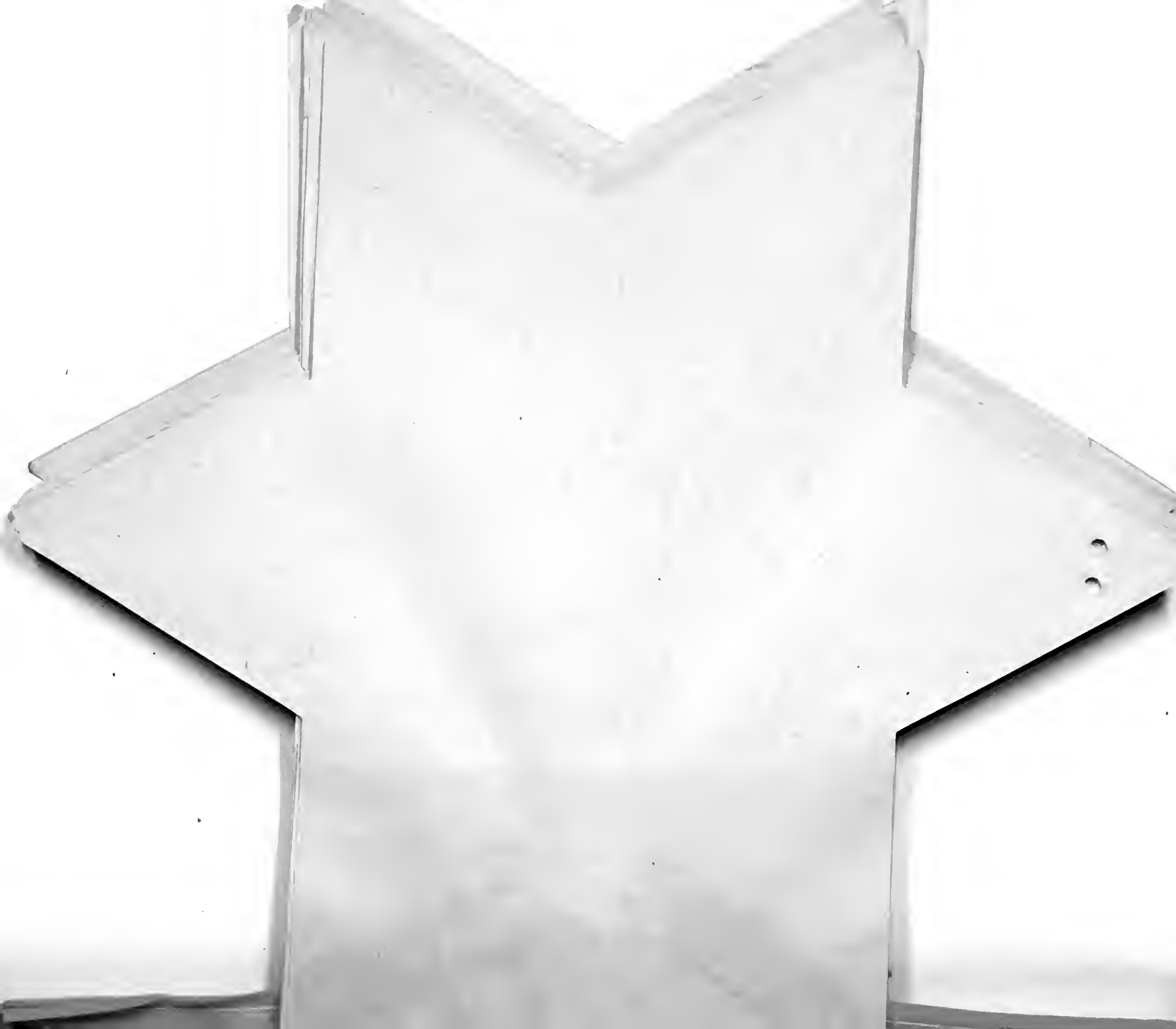
All hail angelic heralds
Proclaiming peace on earth !
Hail gracious star of promise,
Sign of a Saviour's birth !
Lift up thy gates, O Zion !
Sing, everlasting hills !
Joy for the God incarnate
The whole creation fills!


Yo..
1. Old, ev - - er new, sweet sto - - - ry, A
PIANO.
Sav - iour come to earth!.... Sing, Glo - ry, Glo - ry,
Glo - - - ry! in strains of raptur - ous mirth;.... E-


cho heavens hal-le- lu - jahs, Ring, Christmas joybells, ring, U-
nite with stars of morn-ing, In an-thems to our King.....
2. Children, this new old sto - - - - - ry, Re-
call it as ye sing... Your Glo - - ry, Glo - ry,

Glo - - - ry! To Christ th' in-car-nate King;... Who
from high heaven de - scend - ing, His ma - jes - - - ty hid
down,... And God with manhood blend - ing, Was
born in Da - - vid's town.....

When first this matchless story
The midnight silence stirred,
Caroled by angels holy,
By awestruck shepherds heard,
Seeking the King of glory,
Led by prophetic star,
With gifts and homage lowly,
Came magi from afar.

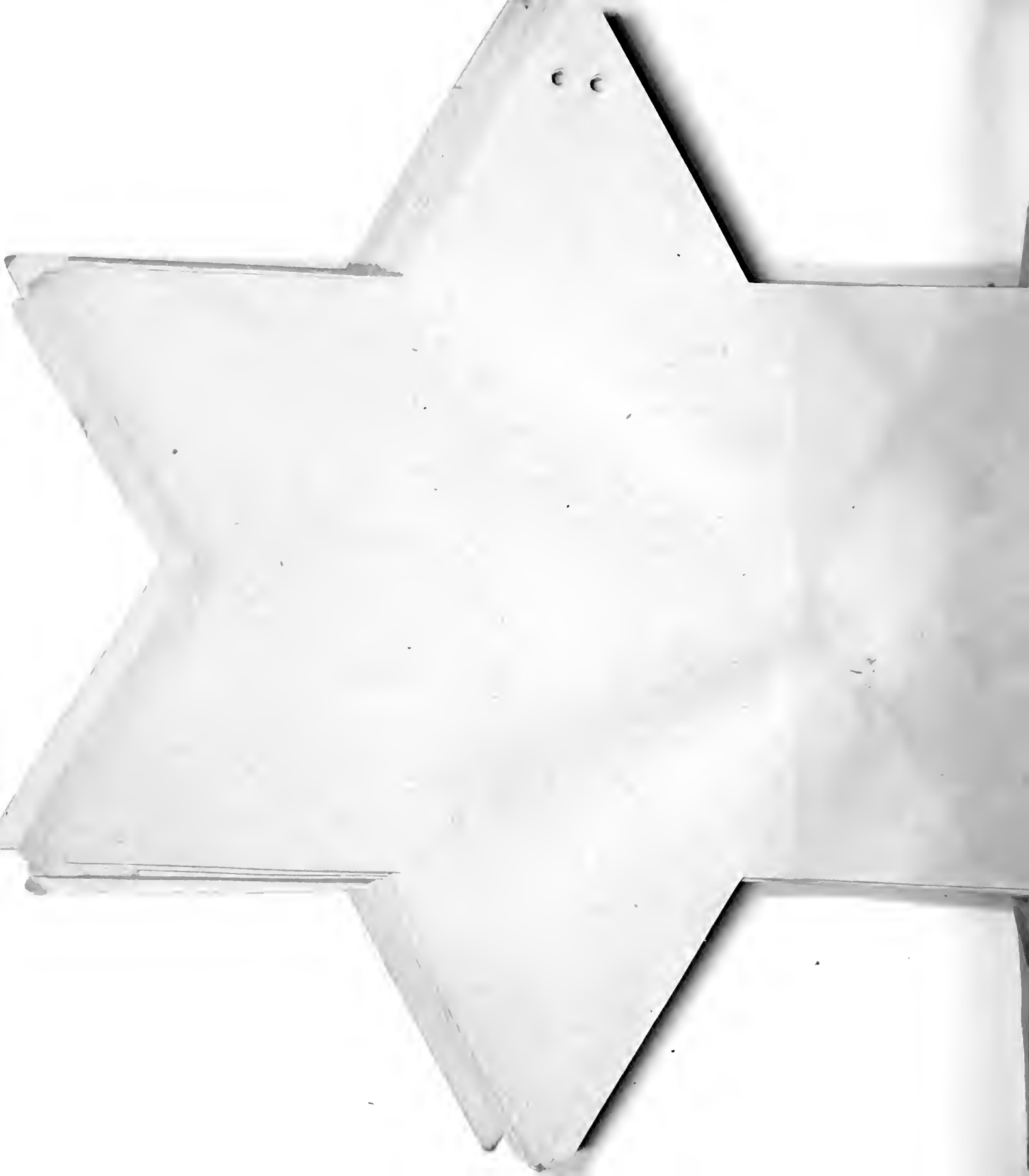
And now in every nation,
And told in every tongue,
This story of salvation,
From pole to pole is sung ;
Still would we tell this story,
Still sing the song we love,
Of glory, glory, glory,
With ransomed saints above.



Christus ! Anointed One ! King at thy birth !
  Entwined be thy name with emblems of mirth.
Bring the bright holly, the weird mistletoe;
  With ivy—both gladness and reverence to show.

Jehovan's new name, combining in one
  Infinite, Finite, Father and Son.
Better than angels hath Jesus the Way,
  Obtained a more excellent title than they.

Mythology fabled the nation's Desire
  Through peace-breathing lute, and Promethian fire,
Revealed to Isaiah in vision sublime,
  He preached it before the fulness of time.



Harken, O Nations, and listen, O Land,
For you is a Prince and Deliverer at hand,
Whose government gentle shall ever increase,
A reign of love, purity, righteousness, peace!

No longer the desolate places are waste,
Fields wait for the harvest; ye reapers, make haste!
The wilderness blossometh, yea, as the rose,
And waters of comfort invite to repose!

Heaven's King is your guest, receive him, O Earth!
Jesus, the child of immaculate birth!
Son of a virgin, yet monarch most high—
Hosanna! hosanna! exultingly cry!

Rejoice, happy mother; most blessed thou art,
Thy name among women dwells henceforth apart.
Yea, magnify Him, thy Saviour and Son,
Whose rule, long expected, at last is begun!

Wake psaltery and harp! sound cymbal and lyre!
'Tis the birthday of Him whom all hearts desire.
Blow ye the trumpets, command to the feast
Of Jesus Immanuel, our King and High Priest!

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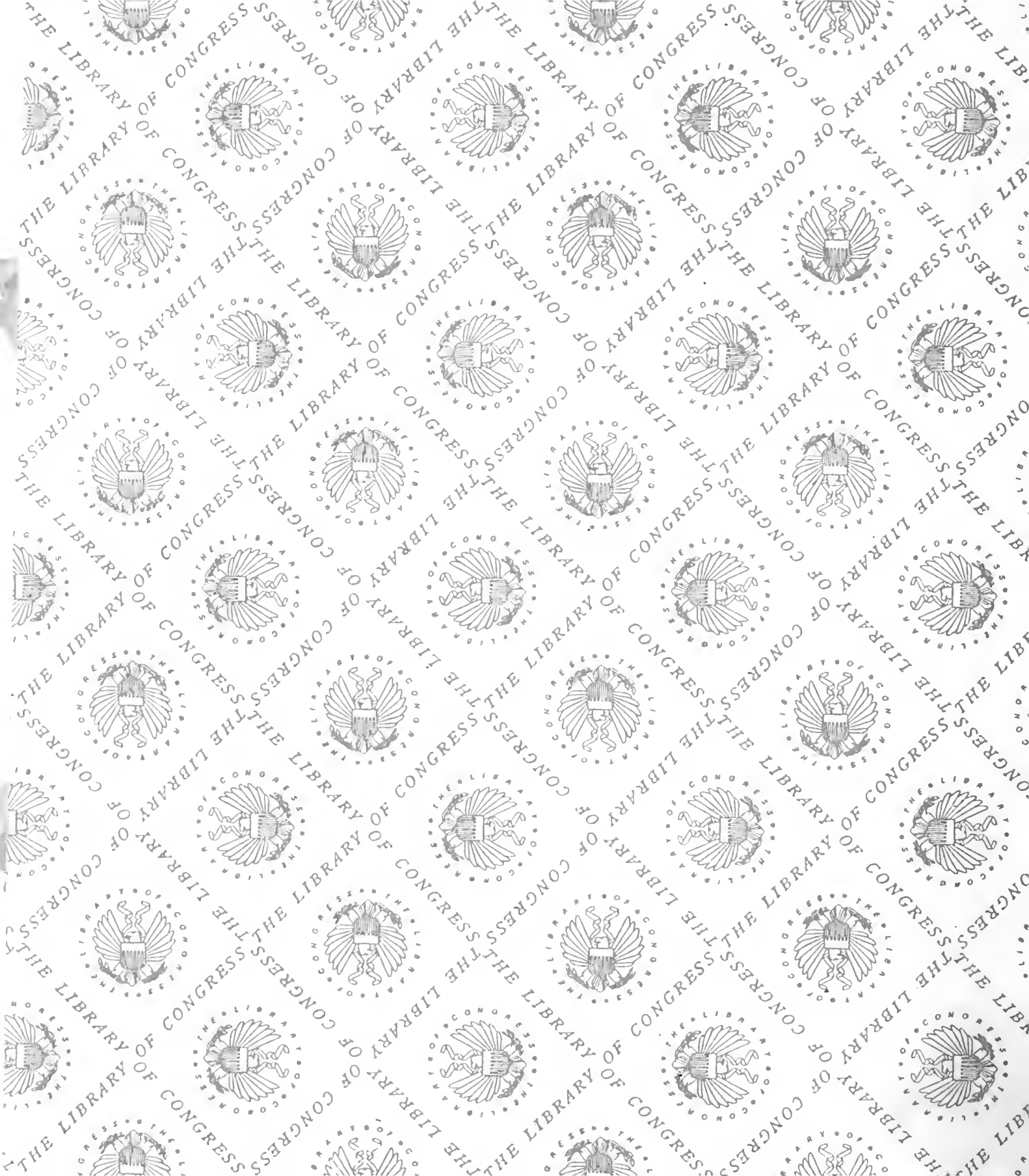
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